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THE
L I N N E T;
A CHOICE
Collection of New SONGS.

V I Z.

1. PLATO'S ADVICE.
2. The Battle of ALMANZA.
3. The UNHAPPY LOVERS.
4. The BONNY BROOM.
5. GENTEEL DAMON.

P A R T I.

T E W K E S B U R Y:

Printed and Sold by S. HARWARD; Sold also at his Shops in GLOUCESTER and CHELTENHAM; where may be had all Sorts of New and Old Songs; Penny Histories, &c. Wholesale and Retale. Likewise the True Original Daffy's Elixir, Bateman's Drops, Scotch Pills, and all other Medicines of established reputation, that are advertised in the Weekly Papers.



The LINNET, &c.



PLATO's ADVICE.

SAYS Plato, why should men be vain,
Since bounteous heaven has made him great ?

Why looketh he with insolent disdain,
On those undeck'd with wealth or state ?

Can costly robes or beds of down,

Or all the gems that deck the fair,

Or all the glories of a crown,

Give health or sooth the brow of care ?

The scepter'd king, the burden'd slave,

The humble and the haughty die,

The rich, the poor, the base, the brave,

In dust without distinction lie :

Go search the tombs where monarchs rest,

Who once the greatest titles bore,

Their pomp and glory is bereft,

And all their honours are no more.

So flies the meteor thro' the skies,

And draws along a gilded train,

When shot 'tis lost, its beauty dies,

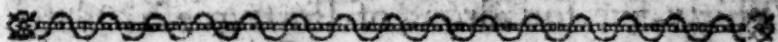
Dissolves to common air again :

So it is with us, my jovial souls,

Let friendship reign while here we stay,

Let's crown our mirth with flowing bowls,

When Jove he calls we must obey.



The Battle of Almanza.

DOWN by yon chrystal river side,
 There I fell a weeping
 To see my fellow soldiers dear
 Upon the ground lay bleeding.
 It was from the castle of Vigo
 We march'd on Easter Sunday,
 And the battle of Almanza,
 Was fought on Easter Monday.
 Full twenty miles we march'd that day
 Without one drop of water,
 Till we poor souls were almost spent
 Before the bloody slaughter.
 Over the plain we march'd amain
 All in the line of battle,
 By beat of drum and colours flying,
 While cannons they did rattle.
 Brave Gallaway our general said,
 Brave Englishmen let's fight 'em
 Full five to one this day we fight,
 Tis that they do desire,
 And when you see my fword is drawn,
 Let each platoon give fire,
 We marched paces two or three
 And small shot flew like thunder,
 Hoping that we should get the day
 And likewise all the plunder.
 The Dutch fell in with sword in hand,
 And that was their desire,

Thirty-five squadrons of Portuguese

Ran away and never gave fire.

The duke of Brunswick I've been told,

He gave it out in orders,

If the English should be broke to day

Give my country men good quarters,

With Portuguese do what you please,

For they will soon retire,

And leave the English in the field

In sulphur, smoak and fire.

Now to conclude and make an end

Of this most dismall story,

A hundred thousand gallant gentlemen

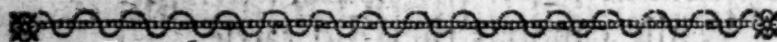
Have died for English glory,

Let no brave soldier be dismay'd

For losing of one battle,

There are great forces coming o'er

Will make Jack Spaniard rattle.



The Unhappy Lovers.

IT is of a sailor now I write,

Who in the seas took great delight,

The female sex he oft beguiled,

At length two of them were with child.

I promised to be true to both,

And bound myself by sacred oath

To marry them if I had life,

But one of them i made my wife.

The other being left alone,

Crying, you false deceitful one,

By me you've done a wicked thing,
Which public shame on me will bring.

Unto a silent wood she went,
Her public shame for to prevent,
And quickly finished the strife,
And cut the tender thread of life.

She hang'd herself upon a tree,
Two men a hunting did her see :
By birds her flesh was basely tore, (sore.
Which griev'd the young men's hearts full

Straitway they went and cut her down,
And in her breast a note was found,
This note was written out at large,
" Bury me not, I do you charge.

" But on the ground here let me lie,
" That every one who passeth by,
" May by me a warning take,
" Then see what comes ere 'tis too late.

" Tho' he be false, I will be just,
" He on the earth shall have no rest."
Then as she said she plagu'd him so,
That he at length to sea did go.

But when he was on main mast high,
A little boat he did espy,
Then for to end this wicked thing,
Which made him tremble every limb.

Down to the deck this man he goes,
Unto the captain he did disclose,
Here is a spirit will fetch me hence,
I pray now stand in my defence.

(6)

Upon the deck the captain goes,
And soon espied the fatal ghost,
Captain, said she you must and can
With speed help me to such a man.

In St. Helens, said he he died,
And there now his body lies,
Captain, says she, do not say so,
He's living in your ship below.

Now if you stand in his defence,
A mighty storm I will send hence,
Will cause your men and you to weep,
And leave you sleeping in the deep.

Down below the captain goes,
And brings this young man to his foes :
And she fixt her eyes on him
Which made him tremble every limb.

It is well known I was a maid,
When first by you I was betray'd :
I am a spirit come to you,
You baulk'd me once : I have you now.

For to preserve both ship and men,
Into the boat they forc'd him then,
The boat sunk down in a flash of fire,
Which made the sailors all admire.

All you that do to love belong,
Take warning by my mournful song,
Be true and faithful in your mind,
And do not delude poor women kind.

The Bonny Broom.

HOW blyth was I each morn to see
 My swain come o'er the hill,
 He leapt the brook and came to me,
 I met him with good will.
 I neither wanted ewe nor lamb,
 While his flock near mine lay ;
 He gather'd in my sheep at night,
 And chear'd me all the day.

O the broom, the bonny broom,
 Where oft was my repose ;
 I wish I was with my dear swain,
 With his pipe and his ewes.

He tun'd his pipe and reed so sweet
 The birds stood listening by,
 The fleecy herd stood still and gazed,
 Charm'd with his melody.
 While thus we spent our time in turn,
 Betwixt our flock and play,
 I envied not the fairest dame,
 Though e'er so rich and gay.

He did oblige me every hour,
 Could I but faithful be,
 He had my heart, could I refuse
 Whate'er he ask'd of me.

Hard fate, that I must banish'd be,
 Gang heavily and mourn,
 Because I love the kindest swain
 That ever yet was born.

O the broom, &c.

Genteel D A M O N.

SINCE reason and merit give sanction to love,
 Why should you, ye fair ones, my fondnes
 reprove,
 Since none but cold prudes the soft passion disdain,
 When they boast of their virtue, they're known bu
 to feign.

Genteel is my Damon, engaging his air,
 And his face like the moon is both ruddy and fair,
 Soft love sits enthron'd in the beams of his eyes,
 He's manly, yet tender, he's fond, and yet wise.

He's ever good-humour'd, he's generous & gay
 His presence can always chace sorrow away ;
 No vanity sways him, no ambition is seen,
 But open his temper and noble his mein.

With prudence illum'd, his actions appear,
 His passion is calm, and his judgment is clear ;
 An affable sweetnes attends on his speech,
 He's willing to listen tho' he's able to teach.

He has promis'd to love me, his word I'll be
 lieve.

His heart is too honest to let him deceive ;
 Then blame me, ye fair ones, if justly you can,
 Since the piece I have drawn is exactly the man.

F I N I S.

K with preceding.

T H E

L I N. N E T;

A C H O I C E

Collection of New SONGS.

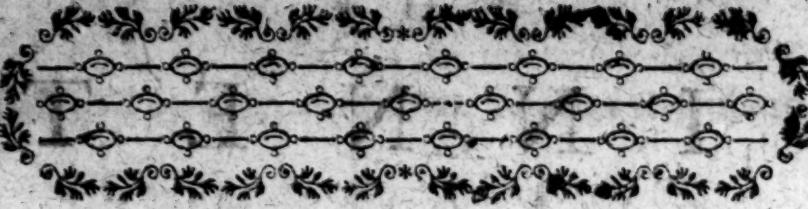
V I Z.

1. The BANKS of the DEE.
2. ANNA.
3. FAIR HESE.
4. MARIA.
5. SHOOTING SONG.
6. SAW YOU MY FATHER.
7. The PARENT BIRD.

P A R T II.

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The BANKS of the DEE.

TRUE bliss in retirement can only be found ;
In vain we shall seek it in pleasure's dull round,
The truth of this maxim Philander cou'd see,
When the vot'ry of Cupid and modishly free.

He often resolv'd to retire from the croud,
Quite pall'd with its pleasures, so empty and loud,
As oft he relaps'd, through a whim to be free,
But at last was reform'd by the banks of the Dee.

From noise, and false pleasures he quickly withdrew,
To taste of the solid, the lasting and true,
Grew fond of retirement, nor car'd but for three,
A friend, and a book, and the banks of the Dee.

His fortune was easy, his manner polite,
He read a great deal, and at times he cou'd write,
Unmoy'd by ambition, contented and free.
He often sung thus, on the banks of the Dee.

The monarch still jealous of plots and designs,
Who sighs at his heart, while in splendor he shines,
With pity I trace through the irkome levee,
And bless my kind stars for the banks of the Dee.

The miser how wretched, amidst all his store,
 What he has he can't taste, yet he sighs to have more
 While I with a little live happy and free,
 In a pleasing retreat on the banks of the Dee !

Let Tom, without passion, still sigh for the fair
 Affect their soft manner, and mimick their air,
 Supply them with scandal, o'er green and bohea,
 Give me a retreat on the banks of the Dee.

No duns to molest me, no cares to harass,
 In a pleasing succession the moments will pass ;
 At peace with the world, contented and free,
 I'll live, and I'll die on the banks of the Dee.

A N N A.

SHEPHERDS I have lost my love,
 Have you seen my ANNA,
 Pride of ev'ry shady grove,
 •Upon the banks of Banna.

I for her my home forsook,
 Near yon misty mountain,
 Left my flock, my pipe, my crook,
 Greenwood shade, and fountain.

Never shall I see them more,
 Untill her returning ;
 All the joys of life are o'er,
 From gladness chang'd to mourning.

Whither is my charmer flown,
 Shepherds tell me whither,
 Ah woe for me, perhaps she's gone,
 For ever, and for ever.

F A I R H E B E,

FAIR Hebe I left with a cautious design,
To escape from her charms and to drown them
in wine,

I try'd it but found when I came to depart,
The wine in my head, but love still in my heart.

I repair'd to my reason, intreated her aid,
Who paus'd on my case, and each circumstance
weigh'd,

Then gravely pronounc'd in return to my pray'r,
That Hebe was fairest of all that was fair.

That's a truth reply'd I, I've no need to be taught,
I came for a counsel, to find out a fault,
If that's all quoth reason, return as you came,
To find fault with Hebe would forfeit my name.

What hope's then alas, of relief from my pain,
When like light'ning she darts, thro' each throb-
ing vein,

My senses surpriz'd, in her favour took arms,
And reason confirms me a slave to her charms.

M A R I A.

ASSIST me all ye powers above,
To sing sublime soft strains of love,
And melt Maria's heart;
Ye whisp'ring winds that chase the air,
In balmy breezes tell the fair,
For her alone I smart.

When soothing slumbers lull to rest,
My musing mind with love's oppress'd,
And dreams my sleep destroy ;
With phantom wings my fancy flies,
O'er trees and tow'rs and skims the skies,
For her my only joy.

When darkness fades to dawn of day,
And birds salute the morning ray,
I rise and random rove ;
Dull thought my drowsy brain disturbs,
And fearful hope all comfort curbs,
Lest she should careless prove.

O had I all fam'd India's store,
Peruvian mines or millions more,
To her the spoil I'd give ;
O grant me but Maria's hand,
Or me propitious fate command,
To die, or with her live.

A SHOOTING SONG.

EVRY mortal some favourite pleasure pursues,
Some to White's run for play, some to Batson's
for news,
Let droll Shuter's drol phyz others thunder applause,
And some trifler's delight to hear Nicholl's noise.
But such idle amusements I carefully shun,
And my pleasures confine to my dogs and my gun.

Soon as phœbus hath finish'd his summer's career,
And his maturing aid bless the husbandman's care,

When Roger and Nell have enjoy'd harvest home,
 And their labours all o'er are at leisure to roam,
 From the noise of the town and its folly's I run,
 And I range o'er the fields with my dogs & my gun,

When my pointers around me all steadily stand,
 There's not a dog stirs but that dog I command,
 When the covey he springs and I bring down my
 bird,

I've a pastime no pleasure beside can afford,
 No pastime, no pleasures, none under the sun,
 Can be equal to mine with my dogs and my gun.

When the coveys I've thin'd to the woods I repair,
 And I brush thro' the thickest devoid of all fear,
 There I exercise freely my levelling skill,
 And with pheasants and woodcocks my bag often fill,
 Certain death where I find 'em they seldom can shun
 All my dogs are so sure and so fatal my gun.

My spaniels ne'er babble they are under command
 Some range at a distance and some hunt at hand,
 When a woodcock they flush, or a pheasant they
 spring,
 With heart clearing notes how they make the woods
 ring,
 Then for music let fribbles to Ranelagh run,
 My concert's a chorus of dogs and a gun.

While I hunt o'er the brown ruffet hills and the
 vales,
 Gay full health I secure breathing untainted gales,
 Natures beauties I view and contemplate their source,
 And kind providence see in it's minutest course,
 Then bloods, bucks and spouter's enjoy all their fun,
 I will envy them not while I've dogs and a gun.

When at night we chat over the fate of the day,
 And spread o'er the table my conquer'd spoils lay,
 Then I think of my friends and to each send a part,
 For my friends to oblige is the pride of my heart,
 Thus the vices of town and its follys I shun,
 And my pleasures confine to my dogs and my gun.

Saw you my Father.

SAW you my father,
 Saw you my mother,
 Saw you my true love John,
 He told his only dear,
 That he soon would be here,
 But he to another is gone.

I saw not your father,
 I saw not your mother,
 But I saw your true love John;
 He has met with some delay,
 Which has caused him to stay,
 But he will be here anon.

Then John he up arose,
 And to the door he goes,
 And he twirled he twirled at the pin,
 The lassie took the hint
 And to the door she went,
 And she let her true love in.

Fly up, fly up,
 My bonny grey cock,
 And crow when it is day,

Your breast shall be,
Of the beaming gold,
And your wings of the silver grey.

The cock he proved false,
And untrue he was,
For he crowed an hour too soon,
The Lassie thought it day,
So she sent her love away,
And it proved but the blink of the moon.



The PARENT BIRD.

THE parent bird whose little nest,
Is by its tender young possess'd,
With spreading wings and downy breast,
Does cherish them with love :
But soon as nature plumes their wings,
And guides their flight to groves and springs,
Quite unconcern'd the parent sings,
Regardless where they rove.

While hapless we of human race,
The lasting cares of life embrace,
And still our best affections place,
On what procures us pain.

Tho' children as their years increase,
Increase our cares and spoil our peace,
Paternal love can never cease,
But ever will remain.

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